

Sam Alone

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Summary: I have no idea what this is. Less than a story. More than a poem. But at least my Muse agreed to let me write it.

Sam Alone

Sam.

>Alone.
Sitting on a concrete floor.

>Against a concrete wall.<p>

In a cellar.

>A dungeon.
A warehouse.

>His own mind.
Nowhere.

>He didn't know.<p>

Knees up, arms around them.

>Sitting.
Waiting.

>Alone.<p>

Dean, vapor, memory, nothing.

>Dissipated as soon as he appeared.
As soon as he appeared to sit next to Sam.

>No crisis; no reason to stay.<p>

Cas immediately after.

>Appeared and dissipated.
There and gone.

Dad stood back.

>Watched.
Less vapor, more memory.

>Dissipated as a golden burst, sparks,
Mom,

>Spiraled across the nothing.<p>

Others,

>More nothings,
Thin vapors, weak memories,

>Burst and dissipated.<p>

Staring.

>Gauging.
Dissolving.
>Gone.<p>

Sam waited.
>Waiting was his.
His job.
>His talent.
His charge.

Waited on a concrete floor.
>Against a concrete wall.
His own mind.
>Nowhere.<p>

Sam waited.
>Alone.<p>

A/N: I have no clue what this is. I have no clue what it means. (But here it is!)

End
file.